

DAILY EVENING BULLETIN.

"HEW TO THE LINE, LET THE CHIPS FALL WHERE THEY MAY."

PER WEEK SIX CENTS.
SINGLE NUMBER ONE CENT.

MAYSVILLE, MONDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 5, 1881.

Vol. 1. No. 12.

BLUEGRASS ROUTE.

Kentucky Central R. R.

THE MOST DESIRABLE ROUTE TO

CINCINNATI.

ONLY LINE RUNNING

FREE PARLOR CARS.

BETWEEN

LEXINGTON AND CINCINNATI

Time table in effect March 31, 1881.

Leave Lexington.....	7:30 a. m.	2:15 p. m.
Leave Maysville.....	8:45 a. m.	12:30 p. m.
Leave Paris.....	9:30 a. m.	3:05 p. m.
Leave Cincinnati.....	8:55 a. m.	3:40 p. m.
Leave Falmouth.....	10:00 a. m.	4:46 p. m.
Arr. Cincinnati.....	11:45 a. m.	6:30 p. m.
Leave Lexington.....	8:15 p. m.	
Arrive Maysville.....	8:15 p. m.	
Free Parlor Car leave Lexington at.....	2:15 p. m.	
Free Parlor Car leave Cincinnati at.....	2:30 p. m.	

Close connection made in Cincinnati for all points North, East and West. Special rates to emigrants. Ask the agent at the above named places for a time folder of "Blue Grass Route." Round trip tickets from Maysville and Lexington to Cincinnati sold at reduced rates. For rates on household goods and Western tickets address CHAS. H. HASLETT, Gen'l Emigration Agt., Covington, Ky. JAMES C. ERNST, Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agt.

TIME-TABLE

Covington, Flemingsburg and Pound Gap RAILROAD.

Connecting with Trains on K. C. R. R.
Leave FLEMINGSBURG for Johnson Station:
5:45 a. m. Cincinnati Express.
9:13 a. m. Maysville Accommodation.
3:25 p. m. Lexington.
7:02 p. m. Maysville Express.
Leave JOHNSON STATION for Flemingsburg on the arrival of Trains on the K. C. R. R.:
6:23 a. m. 4:00 p. m.
9:48 a. m. 7:37 p. m.

Regular Cincinnati, Maysville & Portsmouth Packet.

BONANZA..... E. B. MOORE, Commander.
D. W. YOUNG, and C. WALKER..... Clerks.
Leaves Cincinnati every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 12 o'clock, m.
Leaves Portsmouth every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 11 o'clock, a. m. Stopping at Maysville either way between the hours of 6 and 7 p. m. Freight received at all hours on the wharf boat. ROBERT FICKLIN, Agent.

Maysville, all Mail and Way Landings, CITY OF PORTSMOUTH.

E. S. MORGAN, Master. FRANK BRYSON, Clerk.
Leaves Cincinnati Monday, Wednesday and Friday.
Leaves Maysville Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. Leaves wharf foot of Broadway. For freight or passage apply on board, or to ROBERT FICKLIN, Agent.

Vanceburg, Maysville and Cincinnati Tri-Weekly Packet.

W. P. THOMPSON..... H. L. REDDEN, Capt.
MOSS TAYLOR, Purser.
H. REDDEN and A. O. MOISE, Clerks.
Leaves Vanceburg Sundays, Tuesdays and Thursdays.
Leaves Cincinnati Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. For freight or passage apply on board.

Vanceburg, Rome, Concord, Manchester and Maysville Daily Packet.

HANDY..... BRUCE REDDEN, Capt.
R. L. BRUCE, Clerk.
Leaves Vanceburg daily at 5 o'clock, a. m. for Maysville. Leaves Maysville at 2 p. m. Goes to Ripley Mondays, Wednesdays and Friday. Connects at Manchester with stage or West Union. For freight or passage apply on board.

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THE OLD CANOE.

BY ALBERT PIKE.

Where the rocks are gray and the shore is steep,
And the waters below look dark and deep.
Where the rugged pine, in its lonely pride,
Leans gloomily over the murky tide;
Where the weeds and the rushes are long and rank,
And the reeds grow thick on the winding bank,
Where the shadow is heavy the whole day through,
There lies at its moorings the old canoe.
The useless paddles are idly dropped,
Like a sea bird's wing that the storm has lopped.

And crossed on the railing one o'er one,
Like the folded hands which the work is done.
While busily back and forth between,
The spider stretches his silvery screen,
And the solemn owl with dull 'too who,'
Settles down on the side of the old canoe.

The stern, half sunk in the slimy wave,
Rots slowly away in its living grave,
And the green moss creeps o'er its dull decay,
Hiding its mouldering dust away.
Like the hand that plants o'er the tomb a flower,

Or the ivy that mantles the falling tower,
With many a blossom of loveliest hue,
Springs up o'er the stern of the old canoe.

The currentless waters are dead and still,
But the twilight wind plays with the boat as will,

And lazily in and out again,
It floats the length of the rusty chain;
Like the weary march of the hands of time,
That meet and part at the noonday chime,
And the shore is kissed at each turning new,
By the dripping bow of the old canoe.

Oh, many a time with ceaseless hand,
I have pushed it away from the pebbly strand,
And paddled it down where the stream runs quick.

And laughed as I leaned o'er its rocking side,
And looked below in the broken tide,
To see that the faces and boats were two
That were mirrored back from the old canoe.

But now as I lean o'er its crumbling side,
And look below in the sluggish tide,
The face that I see there is graver grown,
And the laugh that I hear is a sober tone;
The hands that lent to the light skiff wings,
But I love to think of the hours that sped,
As I rocked where the whirls their spray shed,
Ere the blossom waved or the green grass grew
O'er the mouldering stern of the old canoe.

A Kangaroo Hunt.

London Truth.

We reach the small wattle scrub, the guns to the number of thirteen being placed behind trees, at a distance of eighty or one hundred yards apart, in a line with No. 1. The wind in our face. Cartridge bags are unslung, guns unloaded and horses placed behind, out of sight and shot, and then all is quiet expectation. The quick, rifle-like crack of the stock-whip is our first alarm, heard in front, distant a mile or so; and eager faces peer from behind the trees. Then the shrill coo-e-e of the half-caste gin, and then the more civilized but less melodious outcry of the whites. Crack! crack! crack! and the sound of hoofs galloping at the extremities of the wings informs us that the kangaroos are breaking by the mounted wingmen stationed a little in advance and at each end of the line of guns. Thump! thump! thump! and a straggling "flyer" (half-grown) appears in front, bounding quietly along; presently he stops, sits upright, and licks his forearms, head, and ears outstretched, and evidently alarmed. Bang! bang! to my left startles him, and he bounds away in the direction of my neighbor's tree. I'll risk a shot; my chokebore ought to reach him; I fired

apparently with little effect, excepting that he quickens his pace. Three hundred yards from me he suddenly stops, stands upright, waves to and fro, and falls on his back with a kick. This often occurs when shot in or about the region of the heart. A few scattered shots along the line increase excitement. But hark now to the thumping in front! a few seconds, and the vanguard of the marsupials appear on the crest of the opposite ridge. And now the cracking of whips and shouting and coo-e-eing are more plainly heard; on they come at their quickest and longest jumps; from the whole length of the line a perfect hail of shots greet them.

The dead and dying now lie scattered in every direction, the wounded making frantic efforts to get away, leaping and bounding, and rolling on every side tearing with their teeth at their shattered limbs, often succeeding in escaping when the latter are evenly broken. A short lull, and again the view in front appears to be a jumping, bounding animal mass; their main body is upon us. Our guns are now hot, our cartridges greatly diminished. A more furious firing than ever an interminable banging for a few minutes; the kangaroos frantically leaping before and behind, almost touching you, terrified and bewildered; the guns in front of them, laughing, shouting and excited beaters behind, their yelling and coo-e-eing waxing louder and quicker as they approach nearer and nearer to the scene of slaughter. Soon they have run that terrible gauntlet, leaving two hundred of their companions as pioneers to those happier feeding grounds, where they trust to be no more hunted. A blow on the head dispatches the wounded, and the scalps are quickly taken. I am quite bewildered as to which are mine and which my neighbors (a black fellow) He says "It's all right." I suggest the old man kangaroo he is butchering might possibly be mine. He grins. "Broke his arm only, sir. I dropped him. Didn't you see him roll over? Why he jumped as high as—," Bang! Hurrah Another scalp, a joey joey is a young kangaroo which lay concealed in its mother's pouch and which the sight of the black fellow had startled. This one makes twenty-four scalps for forty-one cartridges. "I say, Jacky how many you shot?" Forty, sir." I mentally vow I will better my mark my next dead ones. As soon as all the scalps are secured—sometimes after an exciting chase, for another cartridge would help to spoil our average—we congregate around our leader anxious to know the result of our first drive. We have 245 scalps and 350 cartridges expended. Bad; but some are new at the work.

What They Say About Us.

Sunday Morning Call.

The Maysville DAILY BULLETIN is a well gotten up and spicy paper.

Ripley (O.) Budget.

We have received several copies of the DAILY EVENING BULLETIN, of Maysville. It is a neat and newsy sheet of sixteen columns.

Bracken Bulletin.

The Maysville DAILY BULLETIN is a very neat little paper.